

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



MR. PRESGRAVE DESTROYS THE DEED OF GIFT.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XLV.—ANOTHER DINNER PARTY.

WHETHER or not the fragrance of Mrs. Porter's broth hung in the memory of Mrs. Cramp, and so induced her, on a fine morning for November, to pay her another visit, I cannot say; but she seated herself on the settle at the Royal Oak on such a morning, and looked with blank dissatisfaction on the empty crane that swung independently in the chimney. "I hope

we shall be rid of low people *now*," she said, with a superior air, to Farmer Robinson, who had called in for his usual glass on his way to market, and had been relating the dispersion of the gipsy troop who had so long infested the place.

The farmer looked a little amused at this sentiment, and Mrs. Porter, who was not in the best of tempers that morning, insinuated that she was afraid there'd be plenty too many low people "left when all the gipsies were cleared out."

"I can't abide a gipsy," said Mrs. Cramp, not in

the least appropriating the hint as it was meant, "they're so very low!"

"I'm glad the gang's off," said Farmer Robinson. "I never knew what might happen: if you offended them, they'd fire your barn; and if you didn't, they'd rob your haystack, and steal right and left."

"Oh, they're terrible for thieving," said Mrs. Cramp, virtuously.

"There was no such thing as keeping a hedge for 'em," said the farmer.

"As if there wasn't plenty of sticks about, without touching a hedge!" said Mrs. Cramp, quite indignant at such moral turpitude.

"Well, I wish the whole place was cleared of tramps of all kinds!" said Mrs. Porter, her wrath rapidly getting the better of her discretion.

"Ah, that would be a good job, wouldn't it?" said the incorrigible Mrs. Cramp. "I'm sure, sooner than be called a tramp, I'd go to the House, and so I've told 'em, when they've been to me—*many's the time!*"

What was the use of levelling shots at such a rhinoceros?

Mrs. Porter, who was anxious for a little private talk with the farmer, would have given a fair premium to be rid of the intruder, but what could she do? To follow him out of doors would have been to leave all her loose property at the mercy of the most notorious of thieves; and to say a word that might not be patent to the whole county before her was impossible. "I see your girls looking for you, Mrs. Cramp," she said, as a last hope. "They've been down the road, and seemingly they're coming back again up here."

"Poor things, they are cold, I dare say: we aren't the best off in the world for shoes. I was telling Cramp we must see to getting some by some road, but men is so hard to persuade into reason!"

With this, Mrs. Cramp gave a long sigh.

"I'd best tell 'em you're here, and you're a-going to 'em," suggested the landlady, in a tone that showed she wouldn't hold out much longer.

"Ah, you'd best let 'em come in for a warm, poor things! It won't rob your fire to let it comfort 'em a bit, and I'm sure I'll be very happy to do the same for you, whenever you'll come to the mill," said Mrs. Cramp, with a mournful expression, her eyes resting on the empty crane that hung over the cheery flame.

"Well, to say truth," said the desperate landlady, "I'm going to clean house, and I've got no room for company, so I'd be glad if you'd let 'em know they can't come in," and, suiting the action to the word, she fetched her mop and pail, and began to tuck up her sleeves for action.

"I never did hear of anything so particular as you are!" said Mrs. Cramp, quite unmoved. "Why I should say this parlour was clean enough for a Sunday; if you had a mess of children to look after, you wouldn't be able to fuss it so with your mop."

Farmer Robinson stood with his hand on the door, and a broad grin on his face.

"It's a pity you don't put the two big ones out to work," said Mrs. Porter. "I'm sure they'd be a deal better off in honest places, where they'd be fed and kep' tidy, than going about as they do."

"Thieving," Mrs. Porter would have said, but her discretion yet hung by one thread.

"Well, I've been thinking," said Mrs. Cramp, "now that things are getting so dear, of finding situations for 'em; but they offer such low wages, Cramp isn't willing to let 'em go."

"Wages! let 'em have bread to eat—that would be a good change from starving!" said Mrs. Porter, tying on her round coarse apron, for the last thread had broken, and she was alive to one thing only, the getting rid of the plague.

"Starving, did you say?" said Mrs. Cramp, with dignified surprise; "if you mean that we bring up our family in starvation, Mrs. Porter, I'd have you to know that you're greatly out in your reckoning: we haven't got ways of selling p'isoned water for beer, and making pounds of what would be dear at pence; but if we're not in business, I hope we've got no name for that disgrace!"

Mrs. Porter stood with her mop in her hand, transfixed.

"You needn't look in that way," said Mrs. Cramp, gathering up her shawl, which she had spread to warm. "There's Mr. Robi'son knows I tell the truth; and, if you must have it, Cramp has tried to deal with you times and times, but he says your stuff 'fects his head that way as he can't take it, and that's why he goes to the Rose and Crown!"

The Empress of all the Russias could not have walked out of a reception-room with more majestic gait than did Mrs. Cramp from the sanded parlour of the Royal Oak, giving a friendly bow to the farmer, who allowed her plenty of "sea room," and a haughty, semi-defiant, semi-contemptuous look at the landlady. "You needn't come further, my dears," she called out to the Miss Cramps. "I'm coming home now, and we'd best make haste on, we'll be late for dinner."

"Did you ever hear the like?" said the landlady, when she had recovered her breath.

The farmer laughed, and told her to look well after her poultry, and everything else that was movable, for she had put the woman on mischief to a certainty.

Mrs. Porter was glad that to be forewarned was to be forearmed; but turning to the subject on which she wanted to talk, she asked him if it was true that there had been a murder committed by the gipsies, and that the man had confessed it.

"I don't know the rights of it," said the farmer, "but I've heard that the parson of Scot Lawson was sent for to a man that was dying among 'em, and he confessed to something, and the parson took the account of it, and put it down, and had it signed."

"And will the man live to be hanged?" said Mrs. Porter, anxiously.

"No, he died the same night," said the farmer; "and the whole lot are cleared off, bag and baggage."

"Dear me! and was it anybody about here as was murdered?" inquired Mrs. Porter, who was sorry the man had not lived to be hanged, which, to her rigid views of justice, was the correct thing to do.

The farmer reminded her of the riots that have been so often alluded to, in which several were injured, and one man was killed, and told her the gipsy had been the unsuspected murderer.

"To be sure—how things do come out!" said Mrs. Porter; "why, it was always put upon a man as had escaped and got clean away to 'Merica."

"Yes, but the truth's out, now," said the farmer. "Maybe you'll find out some day who took your pocket-book," said Mrs. Porter.

"Whoever took it has been honest enough to send it back just as it was," said the farmer; "I got it by post not long after."

"Ah, you see there was no money in it, nothing worth the taking," said Mrs. Porter.

"Here's your friend coming back again," said the farmer, looking through the window. "That's not her husband with her, is it? How busy she is talking!"

"That! why, you never see Cramp, or you'd have no cause to ask!" said Mrs. Porter. "That's a decent man with a good coat on his back, and a hat on his head. I don't know him; he's a stranger hereabouts; but if he wasn't quite so well dressed and tidy-looking, I should say he was much like our Ned," said the landlady, who had shut fast the door and was peeping through the window behind the farmer. They both stood silent, watching, and simultaneously broke the pause with the exclamation, "It is Ned!" Mrs. Porter adding, "as sure as a gun!"

With much curiosity they continued their observations. Ned in very respectable attire, and Mrs. Cramp apparently quite at her ease and in excellent spirits, were evidently making for the Royal Oak; and, to finish the excitement of the landlady, the Miss Cramps became visible and brought up the rear of the procession.

"They shan't set foot in here," she said, resolutely. "I'll go out, I must go, and I'll speak a word to Ned, and say you would like to see him," said the farmer, laughing.

With beating heart, Mrs. Porter peeped again. The farmer spoke to Ned, but made no impression, whatever he said, on the ladies, who stood waiting till he had done, and then resumed their march to the house.

"No, not to let Ned in, for all he looks as if he could pay for what he calls for, shall them tramps set foot in the place," she vehemently declared, pushing the door bolt as far as it would go, and returning to watch the progress of the assault. But as the waves, with silent dignity, advance and take possession of the sands, smiling at all opposition, so did Mrs. Cramp and her daughters surround the door, while Ned knocked at the window for admittance. Mrs. Porter opened it, not looking at anything but Ned's face, which was so much improved in appearance, having lost its hang-down expression, that for the moment her thoughts were quite diverted from any other subject.

"Why, Ned! to think of seeing you back again! and you've never been here since the day you made off in that fashion; but you've been in a good place and good company, I reckon, for you're wonderful smartened up!" she cried.

Ned assured her he could explain all to her satisfaction. "I met with some old friends on the road, and as I've got a bit of money loose in my pocket, I thought I'd give 'em a treat for old acquaintance sake, so, if you've a mind to let 'em have a rasher or two of anything that's going, I'll fetch Tom Ricketts, and we'll all have some dinner together."

Oh, the struggle of contending passions! Could she turn away such a harvest when she had some mutton on hand which she had bought cheap because it had died without the help of a butcher, which her husband declared, much as he loved money, he wouldn't eat? But, on the other hand, could she allow that tramping, impudent woman to sit at ease in her house, after saying that her beer was "p'ison water"? A stout rattle at the door decided her, she drew back the bolt, and the Cramp family entered like a conquering army.

"Come to the fire, my dears," said Mrs. Cramp,

not condescending to notice the landlady; "we're not a-going to have anything we shan't pay for, and people as keeps public is always glad of company."

If Ned and Tom Ricketts had not appeared at the moment, it is doubtful if all the advantages to be purchased by her forbearance would have been sufficient for the price Mrs. Porter had to pay. But Ned seemed so happy, and Tom was so happy, that it turned the current of things; and in listening to Tom's questions and Ned's answers, while she cut up the mutton into chops to fry with potatoes, she lost sight of the indignity of preparing it for the enemy. There is doubtless much in fancy, therefore it is not surprising, as the company were ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which had made the mutton a bargain, that they should pronounce it to be excellent; and the Cramps, probably calculating on their distance from mutton again, certainly made excellent dinners.

"I don't know as Mrs. Cramp will choose to drink our beer, Ned," said Mrs. Porter, who didn't choose to let herself down by a personal address to the lady.

"Oh, all beer is one and the same to me; I never had a taste for beer, as Cramp would tell you," said the forgiving and relenting guest. "I'll drink some now for company's sake, and the poor children won't be the worse of half-a-pint apiece, if that's to come into the treat."

Tarvit declared he was bent on doing the thing well, and the beer was brought; and although Mrs. Cramp assured the company she'd rather bro'th than beer any time, she contrived to do considerably more than justice to Mrs. Porter's home-brewed.

This inuendo explanation of her previous libel Mrs. Porter accepted, and as Ned seemed on the liberal plan, she suggested that he should allow his friends to take home the remains of the mutton to Mr. Cramp, as he had not shared in the feast, promising to give it in cheap as he had been so good a customer. The arrangement had the effect of healing all divisions, and although Mrs. Porter was heartily glad to get rid of them, she added the gains they had brought to her strong box with great satisfaction, and confessed to herself that she did not care how often the Cramps came, if they always left such spoils behind them.

"But wherever Ned's got the money I can't think," she said to Porter on his return from market; "he's so flush you can't think; I saw sovereigns in his purse, and he's got a good silver watch, seemingly new. I hope he's come by it all honestly, but it were no business of mine; he had all he paid for, let whose money pay for it that might."

"He might have stayed to see me," said Porter, whose curiosity was excited by the half account, as he called it, that Ned had given of himself.

"He went off with them Cramps, and was going on to Laxley Parva to see some friends. I'll be bound he'll have very little money left if he stops at the mill; I shouldn't be surprised a bit if that Cramp was to bring him back as far as the Rose and Crown, and we know what'll happen then!"

CHAPTER XLVI.—A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

BEFORE accounting for Ned's being so happily at large, in the history of which we have somewhat anticipated events, we must go back in time, and return to Dassett on that eventful morning when Gregory, with admiring joy, left his master's room. "Well now!" he ejaculated, "didn't I know before

to-day that there's *nothing* too hard for the Lord; and yet I'm a bubbling up for joy that I can't hardly keep my legs, just because the very thing is come as I've been set upon axing for all my days for these many years, just as if I'd never no call to expect it!"

Everybody was sure there had arisen a bright star in Gregory's horizon, but no one could divine what it was.

"Greg," said cook, "do you know what Wat says? He says you're a-going to be pensioned off to live like a gentleman, master speaks to you so different, and—one thing and another."

"Greg," said Wat, "what d'ye think cook says? She says she's sure the master's a-going to take all work off ye, and let ye live upright like a gentleman!"

Gregory laughed at both, but his very laugh showed that if it wasn't that, it was something as good, or better.

Michael, although suffering much from exhaustion, in consequence of what he had undergone in the night, arose, and went to his room, ordering Gregory to see that he was not disturbed. He was there alone, long; and when, in answer to his bell, Gregory went to him, his face, though pallid, and bearing traces of much weariness, was calm and composed.

"I shall want you, Greg, to take me to Fothergill to-day; I must see Mr. Banaster," he said.

"Couldn't I take never a letter or a message to him?" said Gregory, who very justly thought his master did not look in good travelling condition.

"Oh, no, I must see him," said Michael.

"He'd ride in his close carriage, and you'd go in our open thing, for we haven't got two carriage horses up; it wouldn't do *him* no harm to come here. How if I was to go and ax him to call?" said Gregory, with grave earnestness.

Michael smiled, as he replied, "Oh no, that wouldn't be the thing, Greg; I must go, the air will do me no harm."

Gregory was afraid to contend, but to his great joy, just as he was leaving the room, the sound of wheels made him turn towards the window. The gates were open, and Mr. Banaster's carriage drove into the yard. "There's an end o' the puzzle!" he cried, "for Muster Banaster's come of his own free will."

A long consultation had been carried on among the gentlemen assembled in the menagerie at Fothergill as to the best way to proceed for the benefit of all parties.

"I am quite convinced," said Mr. Banaster, "that Mr. Presgrave will stand upon *right*, and if the instrument he possesses is valid—and who would for a moment suppose it was not?—the evidence we are now so rich in, with respect to the son of our old friend, will not avail for the present possession of the estate, though I have no doubt he will see the justice of devising it to him. *That* I quite believe he will do."

"I make him welcome to the estate while he lives, and give him leave to do as he likes with it!" said John, whose happiness in being proved to be a match for the Taffilets made him lose sight of all minor considerations.

Captain Greenlaw laughed, and said, "Ah, Jack, my boy, gentility's a poor thing to live upon, I hope you'll get something besides."

Mr. Keriol was wholly occupied in gathering up the evidence that conclusively silenced the claims of Alan, and although he shook hands with John very

sincerely, he had an inevitable sense of disappointment, that made him look anything but hearty in his congratulations.

"I think I may now tell my sister," said John, for after her introduction to Mr. Banaster, that gentleman had suggested her being conducted to Miss Trigg while business was being opened.

Mary was not happy with Miss Trigg, very few people were, and she was not eligible to be promoted to those chosen few.

Miss Trigg felt aggrieved when Mullins, throwing open the door, announced "Miss Trafford!" ushered her in, and shut the door on her and his mistress. Mary bowed in return to Miss Trigg's supercilious bow, and advanced to the fireplace by her permissive sort of invitation. The writing-table was open, and covered with an ostentatious display of letters closed and letters open, blotting book and paper; and Miss Trigg did not lay down her gold pen, but, after remarking that it was cold, and that winter weather was getting seasonable—both of which aphorisms it seemed to cost her something to propound—returned to her desk with a business look, that said life was too short for the long letters she had to write. But Miss Trigg could not get on long before witnesses. She had two difficulties in composing an epistle: she had never, from the insufficiency of old-fashioned teaching, of not the highest order, felt sure about spelling; consequently a little "Johnson" was as necessary to her as pens and ink, and she could not go on in certainty and safety very far without referring to it. Again, when writing to such a correspondent as Honoria, who, she was persuaded, showed her letters to her worthy brother, that miracle of sagacity, profundity, and solidity, she was anxious to maintain the character she was sure he had accorded to her, and therefore provided herself with another little book, a friendly little book—prepared by some kind considerate heart for such as wanted wise sentiments pithily or gracefully expressed. There were endless varieties in it; the heroic, the pathetic, the didactic, the sentimental, the philosophical. These were in poetry and in prose, and with a considerateness worthy of the benevolent compiler, they were arranged under definite heads, so that you could in a moment put your finger on a fragment proper to despair in, or a stanza to sentimentalise in, or a terse saying to be dogmatically wise in. This "Treasury of Composition" Miss Trigg hugged to her heart, and if, from not being able to match her want to the exact quantity of height or depth expressed by the quotation, she sometimes overstated or understated, or altogether mis-stated her meaning, still, the words were so well chosen, there was such a dignified mystery in the mistake, that she was quite satisfied with the effect. But there was the same awkwardness in using this book as in using the little "Johnson"—it could not be done before witnesses.

Mary, innocent Mary, would not have guessed her object in writing word for word from it, as if she were taking down directions for a trimming; but Miss Trigg did not give her credit for so much "*honi soit qui mal y pense*," and she was obliged, after an original sentence or two, in which she found she was rapidly descending into her own jog-trot style, to lay down her pen and take up her netting.

"You must have been very cold in the open vehicle, Miss Trafford," she remarked between the stitches.

Mary said she had not felt the cold.

"You are used to an open carriage, I know use is everything," said Miss Trigg, conveying the idea, "I am *not* used to anything so poor."

"I should have been glad of a carriage of any kind at home," said Mary; "in the country some sort of conveyance is almost a necessary."

"Ah, then, your father does not keep one?" said Miss Trigg, coldly.

"He has—my uncle, I mean—a large family, and can't afford it," said Mary.

Miss Trigg looked at her with a divided feeling of pity and respect. She could not but think with the pity which borders on contempt of circumstances that prevented the keeping of any carriage, but neither could she help respecting the independence that was not ashamed to confess it.

After a few more remarks, made in a tone of patronage—for Miss Trigg wished Mary distinctly to understand that she enjoyed her society purely by sufferance—the lady got insensibly to like her companion, and owned in her heart that humble people, even if they could not keep a carriage, were, on the whole, more agreeable to pass an hour with than folks who challenged you for your crest, especially if you did not happen to possess one. "So you live near Miss Tafflet," she said, having discovered in the course of conversation that Lee Point was near Callisthon.

Mary assented.

"Miss Tafflet must be rather badly off for society," said Miss Trigg; "she seems very particular."

Mary smiled, for she thought of Emmet's doleful complaints of the lectures about their ancestor Nathan.

"A good family is of consequence, certainly," remarked Miss Trigg; "but I think the highest families make the least fuss of their rise."

"True dignity does not want to be published, it is known, and always gets its meed of respect," said Mary.

"What a nice sentence," thought Miss Trigg. "I wish I could copy it down, it would come in very well in a letter to—to Miss Tafflet say, but then I don't write to Miss Tafflet."

With all her efforts to hold the balance steady between a proper unbending and a proper maintenance of position, Miss Trigg was fast sliding into a gossip, asking innumerable questions about Lee Point among other topics.

"Oh, John, you are ready to go!" Mary thankfully exclaimed, when he entered with a most beaming face.

"Yes, dear, but not to Boulderstow yet, we are going to Barons Dasset."

"Oh, John, *again*? What for?" asked Mary.

"To be introduced to Mr. Presgrave as the son and daughter of John Gayton, the nephew of the late Miss Gayton," said John, embracing her very affectionately, while Miss Trigg, whom he scarcely saw, stood the very impersonation of stupified amazement.

Mary thought she could scarcely have heard aright, and it was not till he had repeated several times, and in some degree explained, how all had been discovered, that she took in the whole of the joyful intelligence. "Then, John, we shall not go abroad?" she said, tears of joy rushing to her eyes.

"No, we shall try to obtain some—at least, we shall go and see Mr. Presgrave; if he is satisfied of

our claim, he will tell us what his future intentions are, and we must be guided by them; but, Mary, the name is the thing—don't you see we are Tafflets, though not direct from Nathan?"

Mary understood the light in his eyes, and rejoiced with him.

"Ahem—you will excuse me—ahem! Did I hear aright? Your father was the late Mr. Gayton?" said Miss Trigg.

John apologised for having so entirely overlooked her in his haste to communicate the tidings to Mary, and extending his hand, assured her she had heard quite aright.

What a revulsion of feeling that was in Miss Trigg's heart! What a change in her impressions! Mary, whom she had before looked on as an ordinary young woman, well-spoken, indeed, but very much out of her place in her society, now rose rapidly in her esteem. She saw a superiority she had not remarked before, and was struck with her likeness to the Gayton family. "As to *you*," she said to John, "now I know who it is you are like; of course, you always reminded me of somebody—it was Jack Gayton, as he was always called."

Mr. Banaster, furnished with all his credentials, Captain Greenlaw, John, and Mary, as soon as possible after this, started for Barons Dasset.

Keriol had departed for Boulderstow, to tell Alan what had taken place, and to settle at once the debts he had incurred in the prosecution of his suit.

Gregory ushered the party into the room in which Honoria sat, in a fit of unusual melancholy. "Master says as he should *parfar* to see you alone, sir," he said to Mr. Banaster.

Mr. Banaster was glad. "Sorry to see you look so unwell," he said, when he beheld what the ravages of the night had effected on Michael's visage.

"I am unwell, I think I must take some measures for recruiting my health, perhaps try a warm climate for the winter," said Michael.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Mr. Banaster. "I almost wish I could go with you, there are delights in warm climates worth a long travel to reach. I've often thought of a trip to Madeira, just to see the cactus hedges, and the wonderful variety of animal life existing in them; but I didn't come to talk of these pleasant things; I am sorry you are ill, but it is necessary that I should go through a long chain of evidence to show you that all doubt as to the identity of John's children is at an end."

Michael sat back in his chair in an attitude of patient attention, and Mr. Banaster, with his usual precision, laid before him the whole story.

Michael looked at the watch and acknowledged it immediately; he looked at the register and professed himself perfectly satisfied.

"I ought to see this Captain Greenlaw," he said.

"He is here," said Mr. Banaster, and he was introduced and gave his testimony.

"I ought to hear Tarvit's confession," said Michael.

Mr. Keriol promised to send him directly he returned to Boulderstow. "He is waiting at his house. The confession of that gipsy to the vicar of Scot Lawson acquits him of the crime that has been ascribed to him so long; he is now a free agent and has nothing to fear."

"He is a great rascal," said Michael, a little bitterness shading his face.

"He is; he confesses it, and says he repents."

"Then we must let him off," said Michael, with a slight flush.

"I have brought the young people," said Mr. Banaster, "to be introduced to you; they are aware that they have no claim to the estate during your life; they know that you can produce proof of right of tenure, but they are content to abide by your generosity in making some slight provision for them now, or at least awarding them a security of inheritance in the future."

Michael took from an iron box beside him a paper. "This," he said, "is the paper I spoke of to you, and *this* is the use I design to make of it." So saying, he rose and held it in the flame till it was enfolded in it, and then allowed it to drop and entirely consume.

Mr. Banaster was amazed, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

"What am I to understand, Mr. Presgrave?" he said.

"That my trust and yours are over, and that I am no longer the man in possession," said Michael, calmly.

"And you mean to—to—?" Mr. Banaster began to ask.

"I mean to give up what is not my own to the right man,—is not that what I engaged to do?"

"But that deed of gift?" said Mr. Banaster. "As I understood you, it nullified your obligation to resign in your life."

"A mere protection against false pretenders," said Michael, with a little confusion; "I choose to see it so, and now the right man is come, I have burnt it."

Mr. Banaster extended his hand and gave him a cordial grasp.

"I heartily congratulate you," he said; "you have done wisely, for you have done nobly."

"Not nobly," said Michael, with a shrug. "I think it would be better not to let the truth come too suddenly on Honor; I am sure she will be happier anywhere than she has been here, but she will not believe that at first; we must induce her to travel with me for my health, and she will become reconciled to it by degrees as she learns the truth."

"Very kind; *very kind*!" said Mr. Banaster.

"Will you see the children?" he asked, after a pause.

"I have seen them," Michael replied, a little coldly.

"Not as they are now!" said Mr. Banaster.

"No—well, perhaps I had better. But they are now with Honor, or I would go down with you."

"There is no reason to disguise their true name from her, she will not suppose they come as claimants," said Mr. Banaster.

This determined Michael, who seemed bent on going through the day so as to secure a quiet night. When they entered the room John and Mary rose. Michael advanced and extended a hand to each, with almost kindness; then turning to Miss Presgrave he said, "Honor, these are Mr. and Miss Gayton, the children of Jack."

Miss Presgrave looked as much amazed as her friend Miss Trigg had done, and a little apprehensive into the bargain; but Captain Greenlaw's lively and hearty remarks on the beauty of the place, even in winter, and his sailor-like gaiety on the occasion of his old friend's children being restored to their rights, diverted her, and he disarmed her of her fears,

and fully occupied her attention, while Michael and John and Mr. Banaster stood apart in one of the deep recesses of the old windows.

When John was told that Michael intended to resign immediately to him, he vehemently opposed it; he said that while he lived he hoped Mr. Presgrave would call no other place his home.

"I have never been at home here," said Michael, bluntly; "I think my old place that I left to come here suited my health better, and I assure you, young man, there is no small amount of labour in working an estate like this."

Final arrangements could not be made in so hurried an interview, but everything that could be done or said was done, and when the party drove out of the yard Michael said to Gregory,—

"There will be work for you now, Greg! I shall give up the place directly all is in order, and when the new master comes you can choose between him and me."

"Thank'ee, master, for that leave," said Gregory, with a smile and almost a tear.

ON GROWING OLD AND DYING.

A CEMETERY or churchyard is a sort of library, and tombstones are a sort of books. Like other books, some particulars they state may be incorrect or even false. Men and women who in life were not beloved may be described as lovable on the stone pages of God's acre. It would be unsafe to accept tombstone records as character testimonials. Perhaps nobody ever saw an unfavourably worded epitaph. There is one truth those graven stone-books tell; a truth absolute and unimpeachable. The mouldering remains lie below of some one that *has died*! This is the truth absolute; and approaching nearly to absolute is the record of age at which the quickening spirit fled.

In churchyards and cemeteries of civilised people there is not, and never could have been, any considerable error as to age recorded. Every individual, not being a savage or idiotic, cherishes his birthday and remembers his age. For this reason, tombstone age records acquire a statistic value. We may consult them to evolve a law of averages. They have the same value, so far as they go, as the Registrar-General's returns. They lead us to form our own conclusions as to the number of those chances whereby the normal threescore years and ten of man's appointed age are curtailed by accident or disease.

Tombstone records confirm what the personal observation of each of us must have suggested, that of all who die, comparatively few die of old age. Doctors, moreover, will tell us that even when old age is said to be the cause of death, this is seldom literally true. Old age may be compared to a waning fire, that, if let alone, will of itself burn out, but which rarely is let alone. Something happens to the waning life fire, something stirs it rudely or incautiously, and lo! out it goes. Even Old Parr himself, though dying at the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifty-two, cannot be said to have died from the wearing out of the animal machine. The celebrated Harvey who dissected him found no symptoms of decay. It was Parr's misfortune (if I must call it so) to have been taken by the Earl of Arundel to the Court of Charles the First, where he ate and

drank luxuriously, perhaps for the first time in his life. The change of diet was more than his constitution could stand. Old Parr was killed by kindness. There is in the library of the British Museum a book published in the year 1635 by one Taylor. The title of this book is "The Old, Old, the Very Old Man," and it refers to old Thomas Parr. In this volume we have a full account of Parr's coming to London. It seems that Old Parr was one of three celebrated human curiosities at the Court of Charles I; one of the two remaining being a giant, the other a dwarf. This will be gathered from a versified preface to the volume, and of which the first four lines are subjoined:—

"Of subjects (my dread liege), 'tis manifest
You have the oldest, the greatest, and the least,
That for an old, a great, and a little man,
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can."

Notwithstanding Old Parr's great age, I know not why his name should lord it over other names of men his seniors. Even in British history we meet with a more remarkable example of longevity: take, for instance, Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died January 28, in the year 1588, aged two hundred and seven. Born in the reign of Richard II, Carn lived in the reigns of twelve kings and queens, namely, Richard II, Henry IV, V, VI, Edward IV and V, Richard III, Henry VII and VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. Even admitting that some sort of error has crept into Mr. Carn's annals, I can lay my finger upon one other English patriarch at least older than Old Parr, Henry Jenkins. There can be no reasonable doubt as to this worthy's age, seeing that incidents remembered by him fix it. According to his own account, when about eleven or twelve years old, he was sent to Northallerton, in the North Riding, with a horse-load of arrows, to be used in the battle of Flodden Field, September 9, 1513. From Northallerton, he states they were sent on to the field of battle by a bigger boy, all the men being employed in getting in the harvest. Once, Jenkins was subpoenaed as witness on a trial at the Yorkshire assizes to prove a contested right of way, when he swore to near one hundred and fifty years' memory. The judge cautioned him to beware what he swore, because there were two men in the court, each above eighty, who had both sworn they knew of no such right of way. "Those men," replied Jenkins, "are boys to me." Upon which the judge asked those men how old they took Jenkins to be. They answered that they knew him very well, but not his age, for that he was a very old man when they were boys.

Several other occasions are recorded when Jenkins mentioned particulars that would fix his age within narrow limits, hence there seems no reason to doubt the credibility of his tale. He seems to have been frequently called upon to give evidence in parochial matters, more especially with regard to usages before the establishment of parochial registers, these not having come into use till the 30th of Henry VIII. On one occasion, when he testified to one hundred and twenty years' memory, which will give some idea of his then age, the summoning officer, coming to serve old Jenkins with a subpoena, found him thatching. Being asked how he lived, he said by thatching and salmon fishing. The law officers wishing to test his accuracy or his veracity, cross-questioned him as to incidents of previous life. He had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Hornby Castle, he said, at the time

that Marmaduke Brodelay, Lord Abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord and drink a hearty glass with him; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings, and after ceremonies, besides wassail (a liquor made from apples, sugar, and ale), ordered him a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner—for that monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure—and a great black jack of strong drink. Being further asked if he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said "Very well"—that he was between thirty and forty years old when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire.

Some apparently well-authenticated instances of greater longevity than that of Jenkins may be found in several books and documents at various times published, but I find no such precise allusion to events as would tend to fix dates. Coming to investigate the circumstances determining longevity, as illustrated by the published record of long-lived people, there is difficulty in arriving at conclusions. I certainly do not find that teetotalism stands illustrated. Most of the patriarchs, the circumstances of whose lives I have hunted out, were free but not intemperate livers. We have seen how pleasurably Old Jenkins records his experiences of monastic hospitality, in which he participated; the quarter yards of roast beef, and the black jacks of strong liquor. Some of the Scotch patriarchs I find took "alcoholic poison," but their longevity was in spite of, not because of, such habits. Old Thomas Parr confesses to a liking for ale, which he took in moderation, but he was what we should call abstemious in the matter of eating. He rarely partook of meat, but lived mostly on cheese, whey, and curds; white meats, as he called them. I find the records of many an individual who lived to a patriarchal age, though what one may call a free drinker, not a drunkard; but I find not one who was a heavy, gluttonous eater. Perhaps the conclusion will be evolved out of long-life records, that heavy eating (gluttony) is at least as potent as drunkenness in conducing to shortness of life. Somewhere that very witty writer Sydney Smith has published his lucubrations on the matter of unnecessary eating. Towards the end of his life he calculated up the amount of animal food he had eaten beyond need. In imagination he built up all the sundry little bits of beef, mutton, veal, etc., into the original oxen, sheep, calves, etc. In imagination he pictured to himself these animals passing before him in an angry legion, upbraiding him that he had eaten them unnecessarily. The published and available records of extreme old age lend confirmation to the belief, that among well-to-do people more animal food is consumed than accords with health and longevity. Nearly all the very old people whose lives have been recorded, were in the lower middle ranks of life; hardly above want as we should now say.

With regard to locality and climate, extreme heat and extreme cold are less favourable to longevity than are the conditions of a temperate clime; nevertheless, Eaton's catalogue has records of men who have grown very aged in India, the West Indies, in Sweden, and in Russia. Buffon places the mountainous districts of Scotland in the very first rank for longevity. The traveller Pallas states that the inhabitants of the mountainous districts in the province of Isesk, in the north of Siberia, live to a great age, people of one hundred years being very common; he saw an invalid soldier aged one hundred and twenty.

In respect to Scotland, Kentigern, also known as St. Mungo, and founder of the bishopric of Glasgow, is said to have lived to one hundred and eighty-five. Eaton's book contains records of 1,712 persons of extreme longevity, from different parts of the world. Therein is set down the name, age, place of residence, etc., of all these 1,712 persons who had attained to a

130 to 140; 5 from 140 to 150; and only 2 beyond 150, viz., Old Parr and Jenkins. Amongst the circumstances that favour longevity, climate is prominent, and the sort of climate most favourable to longevity has already been indicated. Diet comes next in order, and this should be moderate but nourishing. A rainy atmosphere in a cold climate



OLD PARR (Æt. 152).

From a Picture belonging to R. Cholmondeley, Esq., exhibited at South Kensington in 1866.

hundred years and upwards. One hundred and seventy of these are said to have been natives of Scotland. The two oldest are Kentigern, otherwise St. Mungo, and Peter Toston, of Temeswar, in Hungary, whose ages are stated to have been equal—namely, one hundred and eighty-five years.

To convey something like a true idea of the chances against living to extreme old age, the following statements by the two eminent physiologists Hufeland and Haller may be referred to. According to Hufeland, out of every hundred born, fifty, or exactly one-half, die before ten. In the next decade, between ten and twenty, twenty die. Between twenty and thirty, ten. Between thirty and forty, six. Between forty and fifty, five. Between fifty and sixty, three. It follows then, that out of the original hundred, only six remain who stand a chance of living beyond sixty.

Haller has industriously collected 1,113 instances of persons who have lived above 100 years; and, according to him, the duration of their respective lives was as follows:—1,000 lived from 100 to 110; 62 from 110 to 120; 29 from 120 to 130; 15 from

does not seem insalubrious, otherwise Ireland would not number and have numbered such an array of old people; not to state that a considerable proportion, perhaps the greatest, of English and Scottish patriarchs have resided in the western and hence the rainiest counties. The physique of an individual, his size and shape, is an important consideration. Neither the very big nor the very small are usually long-lived. Very tall people are not so likely to be long-lived as people of medium height. Tallness often originates in the disproportioned growth of some one part of the body, a circumstance conducive to weakness. Nor is this all to be alleged against extreme tallness. Very tall persons are apt to acquire a habit of stooping, whereby the vital organs are compressed. Persons of medium height rarely stoop, and usually they are more active than tall persons. Medium sized and short persons have this, however, to be set down to the debtor side of their account. They are prone to corpulence, a condition unfavourable to longevity. Physiologists tell us that the endurance of animal life mainly depends on

extent of thorax and moderation of the heart's impulse. Neither the easily excited nor the easily depressed are commonly long lived. Intense study is known to be unfavourable to long life. Out of one thousand seven hundred and twelve persons who lived about a century, Fontenelle—who did not quite reach one hundred years—is the only author of note. His temper was remarkably tranquil. His buoyancy of spirits—youth of old age, as the French call it—remained to the last.

The physiologist Blumenbach has made a graphic sketch of the progress of human life onwards to the grave. Having traced it up to manhood, of this he says, it is the longest and noblest epoch of life. Our nature is then at its highest perfection. The bodily functions are most vigorous and regular, and that noblest prerogative of the mind, a mature judgment, is established. Advancing in years, the powers of life decrease. Then comes old age, dulling the senses external and internal. The hair grows white and thin; the teeth gradually drop out; the head droops upon the neck; the body upon the legs; even the bones begin to waste. Thus do we come to the extreme point of physiology, death without disease, the *eubasaria* of old age. Then the extremities grow cold, the eyes grow dull, the pulse beats low and small, sometimes intermittent. Next the breath stops, stops and returns, stops for ever with one long forcible expiration. Blumenbach came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its marked regularity and frequency to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. What he was able to collect on that point, from comparison of a vast number of bills of mortality, was that in Europe no inconsiderable number of old men reach their eighty-fourth year, whereas few get beyond it; and that from one cause or other only one in every seventy-eight human beings in a thousand can be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach himself, it may be here remarked, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. Up to a very short time before his death he continued to lecture with all the spirit and humour that had ever characterised him.

It was Hufeland's belief that but for extraneous causes man might still attain to the age of one hundred and fifty or sixty years, or even more. "We may with the greatest probability assert," he says, "that the organisation and vital powers of man are able to support a duration and activity of two hundred years." This assertion he believes to be strengthened by agreeing with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life. Generally speaking, an animal may be considered to live eight times as long as it grows; now man hardly stops growing till twenty-five, and eight times twenty-five makes up two hundred. The wonder is not that animal machines do not last longer, but so long. Take the mechanism of the human body, for instance, and regard the wear and tear of it. The human heart beats on an average one hundred thousand times daily, its duty being to keep from fifty to sixty pounds of blood—asleep and awake—in unceasing motion. What machine made by human hands could withstand this wear and tear without being in a short time worn out? Animated bodies would soon be destroyed were there no renovation, old material cast off and new material added. It has been estimated that in very short intervals our

material bodies are changed, made up of particles entirely new. Let me conclude by delineating according to Hufeland the physical characteristics of a man who may be expected to live long. "He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black. His skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins in the extremities; his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; his hands are large but not deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent; his appetite good, and digestion easy. The joys of the table are not to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst; the latter being always a sign of rapid self-consumption. He is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become violent or destructive. If ever he gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations. He is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity. He has no thirst after honour or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

Such is Hufeland's picture of the man who may live long. Very good, Mr. Hufeland! very good in some respects, but prudent men should not banish all thoughts of to-morrow for all that. It is right to use all means for preserving health, always remembering that our times are in the hands of God.

THE INHABITANTS OF LEBANON.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELEY.

HAVING recently spent some time in a village in Lebanon, not as a traveller, but as a member of the family with whom I sojourned, and being sufficiently acquainted with the language for all purposes of common conversation, it occurred to me that English readers might be interested by some observations which I was thus enabled to furnish respecting the social condition of the north of Syria.

In the first place, I must remark that, though ancient families are highly respected, even when reduced to poverty (and till recently such would not even intermarry with any but their own connections or families of similar pedigree), yet the general habits and forms of society are completely democratic. There are, of course, political rulers, and also heads of villages, and *ameers*, or chieftains, principally Druses, all of whom receive honour according to their various positions; but there is no distinct line drawn between classes of poor and

rich, high or low; wealth and latterly education are the only important differences, and even these do not make nearly so much distinction as they do in Europe.

In many respects the form of society resembles that of Switzerland, but there is yet more of freedom in some of their customs; while, on the other hand, there is a greater *formality* in salutations, visiting, etc. Domestic servants do not sit at the table with their employers, but in other ways are treated with more familiarity than in Europe; and a workman or artisan expects to be asked to eat with the family when employed for the day, at any rate if it is in the country.

At family festivals a very pleasing patriarchal style prevails, and all friends and connections, of whatever position, join together; and far from interfering with the respect paid to the superior and more educated members of the party, it appears only to increase the regard paid to them, and to induce a friendly feeling among all. Visits are paid with equality by poor or rich, and a peasant in his ragged cloak of red-and-white goat's hair, or his more slovenly-looking wife, with an unwashed infant on her shoulder, will come to visit a person of the highest respectability, and even of distinction, and expect to be saluted as an equal, and not in terms of condescension; but I never saw these humble visitors *presume*, or at least only in one or two cases. In general they never think of taking a place on the carpet or cushions at the upper end of the room, but sit on the mat near the door; and their manners, if rough, are always courteous in their own way, and neither vulgar nor *uppish*. The cultivated families thus have opportunities of civilising and improving their poor neighbours, and these opportunities are often (as I know well) made good use of.

A good many titles of respect are used, not only to persons of rank, but to honoured guests or strangers. The old Hebrew form of speaking in the third person is not uncommon, as, when asking a muleteer his name one day, he replied, "Thy servant is called Peter."

The Hebrew expressions are also recalled by the habit of always naming relatives to each other as such, instead of by their titles or surnames. A servant says, "Thy son Joseph was here this morning," or "Thy brother John salutes thee;" only in naming the relatives of any one in high position, "His honour thy father, the lady thy mother," etc., would be usually said; and in addressing letters it is customary to write, "To his honour my brother, or cousin, etc., so-and-so," on the envelope.

The title of "Sitt," which means lady, madam, or miss, indifferently, is common to all ages, from a young child to its grandmother, only that "Essitt," or "Sitt el kebeereh" (*i.e.*, the lady, or the great lady), is applied to the *head* of the females in a household exclusively. Europeans often suppose the term "Sitt" to be only applicable to the wives and daughters of *ameers*, etc., and to foreigners; but natives give it to every respectable woman above a mere peasant in position, and it is given even to these last by inferiors or strangers not unfrequently, if the woman is elderly. It certainly looks singular for foreigners to give the title of respect to the wife of an illiterate robber chieftain, who is ragged and dirty, except on feast days, and refuse it to the wife of a well-educated tradesman, or farmer, or school teacher, who is almost invariably addressed as "Sitt" by her *own* people.

In familiar talk, however, the country people still retain the primitive and inconvenient custom of addressing a father and mother by the name of their eldest son, thus sinking the parent in the child, in a way hardly consonant with due honour, for as soon as the infant is named the poor father loses his own name, and, only the eldest being thus recorded, even if ten others are born, it seems as though all were as nothing except the first, and the confusion of "John," "Mother of John," "Father of John," in calling from a distance to one another may be imagined. In families where only girls are found, the parents may keep their names, and also where there are no children, though some go so far as to call a childless mother by the name of an imaginary son! I could hardly have believed this had I not heard a woman, whose silent home was her great grief, addressed as "Solomon's mother," and on asking, "Who is Solomon?" was told he was an unreal son, whose name she took, to "sound well." In towns this custom is dying out, I think, and many are getting to keep their own names instead of losing their identity for the sake of young master. Girls in Europe would not approve the idea that "mother" did not belong just as much to them as to brother Tom or Jack; and I hope, as female education advances, the same equality of feeling in families will prevail. Among educated Syrians a daughter's birth is now no longer treated as a matter of indifference and almost of *pity*, as was formerly the case, but the little one is welcomed as a gift of God, and rejoiced in as having as much claim as the boy to her parents' love.

The principal occupations of the people of Lebanon are farming and trade: the latter is still in a feeble state, and employs comparatively few in their own country. Many have settled in Egypt and elsewhere, and risen to great wealth by their superior intelligence, but the resources of Lebanon are as yet imperfectly developed, and the native merchants in Beyrout are not so numerous as might be expected. The land is chiefly devoted to vines and silk (*i.e.*, mulberry-trees for the silkworms' food); the grapes are mostly made into raisins and grape treacle, though some wine is manufactured, especially in the district called "the Keserawan." A good deal of corn is grown in the beautiful plain of the "Bokaa," lying between the Lebanon and Antilebanon, but the imperfect knowledge of farming, and, till recently, the insecurity of property in that region, have hindered the progress of cultivation, so that not more than two-thirds of it are under the plough; but the present Pasha of Lebanon has improved the safety of the country, and by making roads, and in other ways increasing the resources of the region under his care, has opened a way for the farmers to exert their energies and lay out capital with fair prospect of return, and if so, this plain will soon become a perfect garden, and supply the mountain villages amply with corn.

The people are at present frequently very poor, and find it difficult to get through the winters, which, though far less long and damp than in England, are sharply cold for a time, owing to the great elevation. In many mountain villages the people only taste flesh meat once or twice a year, when a sheep is slain and the fat prepared to use in cooking instead of butter. The rest of the year (unless they are wealthy enough to have a fowl stuffed with rice and boiled) they seldom partake

of anything but vegetables, boiled wheat or rice, sour milk, and eggs. The mountain bread is baked in large thin flaps, resembling in appearance coarse brown paper, and to foreign palates hardly superior in taste. The diet would be therefore not much varied, and meagre, but for the quantity of grapes, figs, and other delicious fruits, which make up for other deficiencies in a great degree. Milk is abundant in spring, but scarce at all other seasons, and is usually kept in some sour preparation, or in a kind of cheese preserved in oil. Clothing is very expensive compared with European prices, and even highly-respectable families are often seen whose children are clad in patches of every hue, and not unfrequently in rags, though the increase of education is beginning already to bring some improvement in these matters; and a mother who has even a small amount of instruction and good sense will prefer to see her children decently clad to saving her piastres up in order to get a necklace or a set of coins to hang from the head, for her young daughters.

But while we are giving these little social details, some of our readers may be inquiring, What are the people of Lebanon, and how do the various tribes we hear of differ in their habits from each other?

The mountains of Lebanon are inhabited—first, by Maronites, or followers of the ancient Syrian Church, closely resembling the Roman Catholic; secondly, by the members of the Greek Church, often called "Greeks," though really Syrians; and, thirdly, the Druses. There are also numbers of Metāwalees, a distinct tribe, who profess the Mohammedan religion as the Persians hold it, and who reside chiefly in Baalbec and its neighbourhood, and in some mountain villages; but I know very little of them, and they are scarcely within Lebanon proper, and can therefore better speak of the Christian and Druse population, who form the great majority.

The Greeks and Maronites only differ in religious tenets: all their social habits are similar, as is their personal appearance, and there is no reason to suppose they are different races. The Druses are generally believed to be a distinct tribe, but it is not easy to ascertain this, where the historical records are so few. They are more frequently fair complexioned than others—at least, so it struck me; but even here there is no rule, many of the Metāwalees even having blue eyes and auburn hair. The variety of complexion in Lebanon is as great as in England, except that neither red nor flaxen hair are met with, and that the dark are more numerous than the fair. If the Druses were not a separate tribe originally, they have become so by the peculiar and distinctive tenets of their mysterious faith, much of which is only known to a part of their own people. They are divided into the "akal," or learned, and the "jakal," or ignorant, and the former alone (including some women as well as men) are acquainted with the most important doctrines of their belief, which seems a Mohammedan heresy, the outward forms a good deal resembling those of Islam. In their secret assemblies it is believed that they give a different interpretation to all the Mohammedan prayers, chants, etc., which they use at funerals and on other occasions, and contradict the very assertion of the supremacy of Mohammed which they make in public; in fact, every one knows that they consider their own prophet as superior.

They believe in the transmigration of souls, and that the best and happiest go after death to China, where they live again in another body. The "akal" are the smaller numbers, but all the power and influence is with them, and the chiefs usually belong to them. Any one of their tribe who professes to be called of God may enter the ranks of the "akal;" but as this involves a strict observance of many troublesome regulations, such as fall more heavily on the poor than the rich, there are few, comparatively, of the poorer members who fancy they have the call. An "akal" must not smoke, nor partake of Christian food (though latterly some have broken through this last rule), and must observe many other restrictions unsuitable to those who are obliged to deal constantly with Christians.

Though some Druses are cultivators, they are less fond of steady work than Christians, and, till recently, a great number lived by robbing harmless villages, and their chieftains exercised a cruel tyranny over the people; but their power is now cut down, and it is well it should be so, as, in spite of considerable acuteness and most agreeable manners (for they are more outwardly courteous than Christians), they are still really averse to civilisation, and try to prevent its spread, and therefore are less fit than others to be united with political power. Their religion is a sort of Jesuitism in the power it affords of concealing the real views when any end of importance is to be gained, and thus they are very difficult to comprehend, and strangers, especially open-hearted, unsuspecting Englishmen, are often deceived by their fair professions. Being early reared in deceit, their powers of acting are extraordinary, and they hold that to say one thing and mean another, far from being wrong, is praiseworthy when a Christian is in the case. I heard one, a very respectable, elderly man, speaking of his regard for a Christian acquaintance, who was also my friend, and, turning to me, he said, "If I had a diamond I would not hide it here (pointing to his waistcoat pocket), but wear it on my finger; thus I do not hide my love for this man and his family, I let all know it!" But I found afterwards that his actions only a few years back had shown a very different sort of feeling, and that, far from being sorry for the injuries his family and friends had inflicted on his dear friend's household, he had no real regard at all, and only spoke thus because I was English, and he wished to impress me favourably! We must, however, hope that the even justice at present administered to Druse and Christian alike by Daoud Pasha may have a good effect, and also that they will partake of the blessing of the increasing schools in Lebanon; they are usually willing, and have been for years, to send their children to school, but have always taken care to remove them when still very young, and before the religious teaching has had a chance to penetrate deeply into their minds; but by degrees I trust this will be altered, and certainly their children are bright and intelligent enough.

In the ordinary habits of life in the mountains there is no great difference between Druse and Christian, except such as religious observances have caused. The houses are much alike: in the towns and some few of the larger villages, well-built and very pretty houses, with rounded arches and airy porticos, are found; but most of the mountain inhabitants still dwell in very rude habitations, for, till recently, even a rich farmer dared not build a storied house or a

decent barn, lest he should excite the rapacity of Druse chieftains or Moslem officials (always ready for a gift or bribe, and who gave no redress to the injured). Most houses consist of a single room (very rarely of two), varying in size, and, though built of stone, yet only rafted with rough logs, blackened with smoke from winter fires (a chimney being unknown), and with one, or at most two, small unglazed windows, with wooden shutters! In this place all the family eat and sleep—many of high respectability and worth and ancient pedigree—knowing no better abode. English readers must, however, recollect that *old-fashioned* oriental habits do not require privacy, as more civilised and cleanly ones do,—the dress worn by day is slept in at night, only a heavy jacket or coat being thrown off; and the toilet only consisting of washing the face and hands at the door, in a common basin, and wiping them in a common towel. On Sundays Christians shave and comb for the week, and from time to time a hot bath is taken, but not, I fear, very frequently. This is the old style; but many of the young people are far beyond this rude state, and, learning that civilisation and order not only conduce to health and comfort, but promote refined feelings, are introducing improvements in their homes; some have built houses with abundant accommodation, and many of the younger men are as particular as an Englishman (and more so than most other nations) about clean collars and sundry other matters; while a young woman who has been trained in a Protestant school is quickly to be distinguished in a crowd of others by her neat, modest dress and gentle manners. Of course there is a difference almost painfully great between parents and children in many cases; this cannot, in a transition state, be avoided. The good feeling shown by the educated young people in general diminishes the evils in some degree, and it will only be temporary. But a mother who has no interest in life beyond fattening sheep and rearing silkworms (which is much more tiresome and frivolous), or beyond her own jewels and those of her neighbours, whose mind is as narrow as her little courtyard, cannot possess the sort of *reverential* affection which is the due of every educated, and especially of every Christian, mother; nor does she indeed look for such, most probably. But a sincere appreciation of her kindness and maternal love can and does exist; and even the opposition which some of the ignorant older women make to education is forgiven, and treated as tenderly as possible. By degrees their prejudices will give way before the desire for instruction so general in their husbands, and sons, and daughters; and the opening of new roads, by facilitating the intercourse of town and country, will greatly assist in hastening this result; and already some of the poor old ladies conceal their feelings, or only betray them by a look of annoyance when a pen is asked for or a book produced!

I cannot speak of the Lebanon *winters* from experience, but I fancy they are somewhat uncomfortable, from the ill-built, smoky houses and want of roads; but, compared with Europe, the winters are short, and the autumn is more like summer to northern ideas. From the month of May to the end of October a more delightful climate can hardly be found: some Europeans, indeed, complain of a want of rain, clouds, and fogs; but this seems rather like saying, "The bride is too pretty," like the French proverb. It is not violently hot, and never cold all this time; a fresh air (with very few exceptional

days) tempers the sunshine; there are neither the heavy dews of southern Syria, nor the hot winds of Egypt; and most persons find the air healthy in the extreme (though I have known Europeans who could not bear it, and suffered with constant depression of spirits). Low fever and ague are not uncommon even among natives in early autumn, but do not prevail as in the south, and are frequently owing to ignorance and imprudence alone.

The fruits are abundant and excellent, and if they understood gardening, the people might grow all the best European fruits, in addition to the apricot, plum, grape, and fig, etc. The harvest is scarcely over when the vintage begins; the people are then busy gathering grapes and drying raisins and figs. At this season friends from the town visit their relatives in the hill country. A cheerful spirit prevails among all. The expressions in daily use recall Scripture language in a very pleasant manner. "Let us go down to the vineyard of figs to see how they flourish!" said a friend to me one morning; and again, "Let us go out early to the vineyard, before the sun is hot, and see if the grapes are ripe on the high places;" or "Such a one is gone down to the garden in the valley to bring nuts and pomegranates."

As the season advances, we see men in the stone troughs, their feet stained with the juice of the grapes they are treading, and we remember how it is said, "I have trodden the wine-press alone;" and again, "It is the wine-press of the wealth of God," etc., etc. There is, as I observed, much more of grape honey or treacle made than wine, but the process is the same, except that the juice, instead of being left to ferment, is at once boiled down into a thick syrup, much used in the country, and highly prized.

The kindly nature of the people is shown by the readiness with which fruit is given away, and the gleanings left for widows and orphans to collect. Every one seems to have grapes enough and to spare indeed at the vintage, and the health is doubtless benefited by them, as well as by the delicious figs. The country begins to lose its remaining verdure, however, as September advances, and the second crop of mulberry leaves being generally stripped off for the purpose of fattening sheep, the little foliage which is found in most of the mountain villages is lost sooner than by the course of nature. Some are indeed beautifully adorned with plenty of fruit-trees of all sorts, and with clumps of poplar, etc., but in many spots want of water and ignorance of garden cultivation combine to leave the villages bare and desolate when the summer greens have disappeared. But the pure air and exquisite colouring, especially at sunset, when the pink and gold of the mountains exceed any illumination in splendour, make up in a great degree for want of more verdure.

The abundant winter rains and snow, if properly used, and reservoirs constructed, or even the small but rapid rivers, conducted by channels to places deficient in springs, would make the Lebanon villages the most beautiful spots that heart could desire. As it is, however, there are lovely scenes to be found for a painter's eye, even when the summer sun has done its parching work. There are fountains arched over with stone, and clustered round with ferns and brambles, and garlands of wild blossoms, and women, who, though often hard-featured and rough complexioned from outdoor labour, yet look very picturesque at a distance, with pitchers on their

shoulders, and white veils fluttering in the breeze, and the rosy rays of evening lighting up the groups, and making their bright eyes and white teeth show to the best advantage. It is rare for a Syrian damsel not to possess these two good points, though the mountaineers are very far from having the justly-boasted beauty of Damascus, or even of Beyrout and Deir el-Kamr, where lovely and graceful women are rather the rule than the exception, and where a neat and often becoming dress, half-way between the Eastern and European, is usually worn. In the villages, a slovenly, ill-fitting dress, generally open in the front, and often dirty, does not set off the female form advantageously. Most Druses, and some Christian peasants also, if well off, display beautiful cloth skirts of purple or green on festive occasions (in which *funerals* are classed), while a handsome shawl round the waist, which it makes rather thick and *bundle-like*, and plenty of ornaments of all kinds, complete the attire. But this is only for great days: the being always neat is what, as yet, only the more educated women have learned to prize, and the children are often perfect "ragamuffins," when the parents could well afford decent clothing for them. I asked a village woman one day, why her hair, which stuck over her sunburnt face in all directions (the two longest plaits being tied under her chin!), was never combed, judging from appearances. As it was good-humouredly said, and by an old friend, she was not at all angry, but laughingly enumerating her duties of feeding a sheep, tending a vineyard, the children, etc., said, "How could I comb hair?" I suggested using the moments wasted in gossip in this occupation, for the love of gossip is at the least as strong in the east as in the west, perhaps even more so, and she could not deny that it was a good idea. The want of order among most of the countrywomen reminds one a good deal of Ireland; but there is more excuse for disorder, where houses are built with holes in the walls, which have to serve instead of closets, cupboards, and shelves, and become natural receptacles for rubbish, while the mistress of the abode has to hunt for her salt in one hole, and her sugar in another, and not unfrequently finds one on a broken plate on the top of her husband's tobacco, and the other tied in the sleeve of an old jacket. The same want of order and of suitability leads the young bride, who is come to a very humble household, perhaps, to strut about a dirty court in her yellow silk skirt, and gold-worked jacket, and stick her hair full of ornaments, while busy shelling peas, etc.; her old mother, meantime, in ragged blue cotton trousers and gown, looks like an aged beggar in comparison. I ought to add, in justice to Protestant families, that such incongruity is never met with among them, unless with old persons brought up in a very rough style, and many even of the Maronites are adopting brushes and combs, chests of drawers, and many other adjuncts to cleanliness and comfort. They are, indeed, very quick in learning of all sorts, and especially in gaining civilised habits. No people more rapidly acquire the ways of making their homes neat and attractive, even on very small means.

Of the far more important points of religious improvement I have said nothing, because these are given fully in various missionary reports, etc., and these slight sketches of social habits are better kept distinct; but all who prize gospel privileges themselves, will agree in desiring that civilisation

may come through the best and safest channels to Lebanon, and not through French infidelity or Jesuitism. Some friends of the east say it is best to teach the people gospel truth, but in every way to discourage their leaving off any "primitive habits," or gaining civilisation; but whether it be reasonable or not to desire others to remain unimproved in social habits, while we have advanced from our ancestors' rude and uncouth ways, is scarcely a question for the inhabitants of North Syria, because they are for the most part *resolved* on such improvement; the only difference is whether they are to gain it from one quarter or another. If discretely aided by foreign friends, the civilisation will come, as it should do, the handmaid to religion, and not its substitute; but the benefits can only be partial, if tact, and a recollection of the peculiar disposition of the people, and even more of their democratic forms of society, be not kept in mind. If friendliness is shown mixed with anything of condescension, it is unacceptable, and the foreigner is not really thanked for it, however oriental politeness may veil the annoyance given. If the hospitality of the people is received with the same feeling with which a teacher or parent in England accepts a "cowslip tea" feast from the little ones, or if any one of respectable family and education is kept at a distance by European acquaintances, and made to feel that he is to be excluded from their table, etc., merely because he is not of their race, the slight will be felt keenly, and the good which we do will be greatly lessened.

They are too acute not to discover contempt, however carefully concealed, if it is *felt*, and no gifts or other benefits will blind them; but, on the other hand, simple-hearted kindness, without pride of race, is sure to be as readily discovered and heartily appreciated; and although they have much hot temper and pride, they are rarely sullen, and never affected, and usually gifted with tact and discernment. I speak only generally, as the heart of man, when we penetrate deep enough, is much alike in all lands, and bad enough everywhere to need the regenerating work of the gospel.

May that only true light shed its rays every year more and more brightly over Lebanon; and the followers of Christ become every year more numerous among its sons and daughters, so that they may be blessed in themselves, and become a blessing to others, by spreading the knowledge of the Lord among those who speak the same tongue! Then may Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, share in the fulfilment of the promise in Isaiah, "Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance." (Isaiah xix. 25.)

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS GRENVILLE.

My introductory acquaintance with Mr. Grenville arose out of my being at the time the author and editor of "Fisher's National Portrait Gallery," a very popular and successful work. Some of the biographies were supplied from private sources, and had the advantage of revision with a view to complete accuracy; but others, and the principal ones, I was obliged to compile from my own research, and

in them was left to the exercise of my own judgment. Conscientiously performed, even the least of these "memoirs" was no easy business. All offered many difficulties, and the means to surmount them often puzzled the will. One of the most direct, but also in many cases the most difficult, was to apply to the fountain-head for correction of the materials got together from accessible authorities. It was thus that, after ransacking Annual Registers, European Magazines, and other authorities, and being lost in contradictions, I brought myself to write to Mr. Grenville, and put him in possession of my dilemma. I will let the answer speak for itself and its courteous and accomplished writer:—

Cleveland Square, 9th January, 1830.

SIR,—The editor of the "Literary Gazette" required no introduction to one who has continued to find pleasure in that publication from its first appearance; but though I am sorry that you had the trouble of calling here when I was unable to see you, you have nothing to regret as to the object of your visit in our not having met. It is quite out of my power to attempt to give any interest to the subject on which you purpose to employ your pen. Private life is little worthy of public discussion. The limited share that I have had in public affairs is easily found and easily told, if it were worth telling: to awaken the attention of one's contemporaries a man must have great living celebrity, or he must die; neither of these qualifications are mine as yet, though the latter of them at seventy-five years may be not much out of reach.

When I consented to Mr. Dean's request of his being permitted to use for publication the private prints of Lord Grenville and myself, I was not aware that there could be question of more than of his engraving. For the purposes to which your letter alludes I find myself entirely helpless, but can only add that if there should arise any question of dates which I might be able to ascertain, I would readily do so to the best of my power.

Regretting that you should have taken so much of unprofitable trouble on a matter of such trivial interest,

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS GRENVILLE.

Hoping to have his revisal, I sent the best sketch I could work out of all my inquiries, and the annexed is my answer:—

Cleveland Square, 20th January, 1830.

SIR,—If I allowed myself to make any other comment upon the paper which you have sent to me than in reference to the facts and dates quoted in it, there would be much to cut down in the eulogies with which it abounds.

Of the facts and dates which appear in any way questionable or uncertain I perform my promise in remarking, that my birth was in December, 1755; that in 1782, if Mr. Fox's India Bill had been carried, I was to have gone Governor-General to India to carry it into execution; that in 1794, I went (not to Berlin) to Vienna, on an extraordinary mission to the emperor, jointly with Earl Spencer—my mission to Berlin took place in the severe winter of 1799, under the circumstances which you attribute to 1794. And when you speak of the probability of my being appointed ambassador to France by the Rockingham administration if it had lasted, it may be observed that I was actually sent by Mr. Fox to Paris, that I began the negotiation for peace with M. de Vergennes and Dr. Franklin there, and had advanced considerably in the business when, upon Mr. Fox's quitting office, I tendered my resignation, and was succeeded at Paris by Lord St. Helens.

These are the only matters of fact and date that seem to be called for by the communication that you have been so good as to make to me. So far am I from thinking that it contains too little, that my only wish would be to see it abridged instead of its being extended.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS GRENVILLE.

Most valuable to the editor of the "Portrait Gallery" at the time. If I remember rightly, Grenville stated that in several memoirs and historical

accounts he had looked into he rarely found a single circumstance described with perfect accuracy. If such is the case with regard to contemporary events, it is really painful to think of the romances we must swallow in ancient annals as true history!

But waiving reflections on this discouraging topic, I may add that till the close of the retired life of this eminent statesman I enjoyed the happiness of his almost intimate acquaintance. The important part he had played in the political drama enacted by ambitious parties—the great national interests involved during his long public life—ranked him among the foremost men of his day. But it was not his prominent public career, it was his personal character which bound me towards him in admiration and esteem. Let me record that a breakfast and forenoon's conversation with the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville in his library was a treat that any prince in Europe might envy. A complete gentleman, frank and easy in manners, an accomplished scholar, of richly cultivated intellect, he was at the same time so overflowing with information, that scarcely a topic could arise on which he did not shed a vivid light.

ISABELLA KELLY.

SOME physiologists maintain that nearly all talent or genius is derived from the mother, which is indeed an affirmation that causes many a paterfamilias to walk a little more humbly. I am not disposed to debate the question. On the contrary, I have seen so many instances of its foundation in social life, that I am likely to cry in some fit of admiration, "Mothers for ever!" I could refer to several families at this hour, and especially one, which does not afford me a literary pivot to work upon, raised to high distinction, shall I say, traceable to the maternal blood. But the name of Isabella Kelly offers itself as a most natural illustration of such Letters as mine.

Living long ago in a rural Z-shaped lane, called Cromwell Lane, it was my good fortune to have opposite to my "Cromwell Cottage," and within half a stone's throw, a neighbour, Mr. Hedgeland, a gentleman belonging to the City, a tea-broker, who had become a merchant—and who, within two miles of Hyde Park Corner, could every evening breathe the fresh air of heaven, and enjoy strolling through green fields. The rustic scenery of those days is now overburdened with palatial residences, the squares and streets of what is called "South Kensington," or sometimes "Albertopolis." In this then rural region, under the name of Mrs. Hedgeland, was shrouded that of the distinguished authoress Isabella Kelly; but happily preserved in the younger branches by two fine boys and a pretty sister, with whom and their accomplished mother I soon learnt to live on very friendly and intimate terms.

It occurs to me that a very interesting and instructive literary production would be an adequate review of the British schools of fiction. It need not be of a long date, which would be too laborious and comprehensive; but embrace a moderate period which would tell all our modern readers might care to know. But this is a hint which I leave to others. Isabella Kelly's first novel, "The Abbey of St. Asaph," in three volumes, appeared in 1795. This was followed by "Avondale Priory," in 1796; "Jascelina; or, the Rewards of Benevolence;" "The Baron's Daughter," a Gothic romance, in 1802; and various others, end-

ing in 1813 with "Jané de Dunstanville; or, Characters as they are," in four volumes. Besides these works of historical and moral fiction, Miss Kelly published a little volume of "Literary Anecdotes, Explanations, and Derivations," and "The Child's French Grammar."

Thirty years and more after Isabella Kelly had laid by her pen as a professed authoress, and when the vision of my former neighbours in Cromwell Lane might have faded away, had it been less vividly and pleasantly fixed in my memory, I received the following letter:—

71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square,
May 26, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—It is so long since we met and parted, when I inhabited Cromwell Cottage in Old Brompton, that no doubt my very name is forgotten. Many have been the vicissitudes of life since that period; I hope the happier have prevailed with you.

Will you do me the favour, sir, to send me the "Literary Gazette," published some weeks since, which records the death of Regina Rock, the author of "The Children of the Abbey"? I believe I am now the last, though probably the least of the old authors who endeavoured to amuse the novel readers by the efforts of head and fingers. It is piteous, as one once said, that "after building so many castles, I have not thatched one poor cottage for myself."

I sincerely hope that you and your family are all well, and as prosperous as talents and exertion such as yours deserve.

With much esteem, believe me,

Dear Sir, your obliged and sincere humble servant,
ISABELLA HEDGELAND.

Some personal and family incidents will be supplied in another letter, which there can be no impropriety in now publishing, from the distinguished son of Isabella Kelly, the present Lord Chief Baron, better known as Sir Fitzroy Kelly. It was elicited by a reference to Mrs. Hedgeland's works, which had come to his notice.

147, Piccadilly, 15 June, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your most amusing and interesting book has made me think much and long of an early but forgotten acquaintance which I hope you will soon give me an opportunity of renewing. The troubled life in which I am embarked (and far at sea) gives me so little repose that I can seldom claim a day for my own enjoyment; but perhaps you may be free on the 20th, and if you can give me the pleasure of your company to dinner, I shall be rejoiced once again to shake hands with you.

There are one or two matters of fact, of no great consequence, indeed, but as to which you may as well be rightly informed. My mother, now past eighty-five, is still living, but has been a widow for forty years. Her second husband, the tea-grocer as you describe him (who had been in that trade, but had afterwards become a merchant, and who has strangely enough in latter years been confounded with my less worthy self) died, your near neighbour at Cromwell Cottage, in 1812. He whom you mention as my younger brother was, in fact, the elder, and in early life the more bountifully favoured by friends and fortune. He died in 1843, not of an almost broken heart, but—*requiescat in pace*. He was never without those consolations under disappointment and adversity which could be afforded to him by one who in after years became the more fortunate member of the family. It may be as well to add that my mother was never a governess at Lord L.'s, though she was indebted for much kindness on many occasions to him and to his eldest daughter.

Believe me, with best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,
FITZROY KELLY.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

THE curtain is about to rise upon that great Council of Rome which has long been easting its shadows before. Sixth of the Lateran or first of the Vatican, it can only be called Œcumenical at this time of the day by a stretch of courtesy. Inasmuch as all "cardinals, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops,

abbots with quasi-episcopal jurisdiction, generals of orders, together with certain erudite men and princely persons," are convoked, it is distinct from all other kinds of Synods, national, provincial, and otherwise. But Church historians do not agree as to the total number of Œcumenical Councils hitherto held. The well-known mnemonic hexameter, "Ni Co E, Chal Co Co, Ni Co La, La La La, Ly Ly Vi, Flo Tri," standing for Nicæa, Constantinople, Ephesus, etc., which counts but 17, is not accepted by all. When, for example, the Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, in 449, had decided, not without the aid of "swords and sticks and many monks' heels," that Eutyches' opinion about the nature of Christ was the orthodox one, another Œcumenical Council, held eleven years later, at Chalcedon, decided that the decision of its predecessor was null and void, and that, so far from being an Œcumenical Council, it was a Council of Brigands—"Latrocinium Ephesinum." Even so the Council of Basle was called "*Basilicorum spehuna demonymus caterva*," because it rebelled against the Pope, its master. The coming Council will, therefore, only deserve the Œcumenical when all will have gone well, and the Synod that comes after shall have approved its doings.

Perhaps our readers have forgotten the circumstances under which this Council was ushered into the world. It may be well to recapitulate.

On the 8th of December, 1864, the tenth anniversary of the "dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God," there appeared, together with an Encyclical Letter, the famous Syllabus, treating in ten chapters and eighty paragraphs of the principal errors of our time. On the 6th of June, 1867, seventeen questions, chiefly on Church discipline (with regard to heretics, civil marriages, etc.), were addressed in a Circular Letter to all the bishops. On the 26th of that same month the Pope pronounced an allocution in the Secret Consistory, in the presence of 500 bishops, wherein he made known to them his long-cherished desire to summon a General Council, by the means of which the Catholic Church would celebrate its highest triumph, convert her enemies, and carry the kingdom of Christ all over the world. The bishops replied in an address, that their hearts were filled with joy at this prospect of a General Council, which could not but become a source of unity, sanctity, and peace. The Pope received the address joyfully, and, in accordance with their wishes, placed the Council under the special patronage of her who had bruised the serpent's head, and promised that wherever it should be held it should be inaugurated on the anniversary of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. On the 29th of June, 1868, the Bull of the Indiction of the Council was duly promulgated. This was followed, on the 8th of September of the same year, by an Apostolic Letter addressed to all the Bishops of the Oriental rite not in communication with Rome, inviting them to be present at the Synod "even as their ancestors had been present at the second Council of Lyons and that of Florence," where they were not allowed to vote, and had to sit apart. Abbate Testa was delegated to deliver these missives personally to the schismatic bishops or patriarchs. Finally, on the 13th of September, that Apostolic Letter to all Protestants and other non-Catholics was indited, which exhorts them to "embrace the opportunity of this Council" (*occasione amplexantur hujus concilii*).

We remarked at the time that the effect upon the schismatic mind of the East was scarcely to be called encouraging. The Greek Patriarch would not look at the letter, though it was handsomely bound in red morocco, and emblazoned with gold letters bearing his own name. He had read all about it in the newspapers, and did not see how the Council could do aught but lead to further strife. The peace once arrived at by the two Churches had long fallen to the ground. His mind was perfectly easy on the subject. And so the gorgeous volume was taken from the divan and handed back to the delegate, who was bowed out and departed in peace. The Metropolitan of Chalcedon returned the Encyclical, with the simple but graphic "Epistrophe," which might be freely rendered "Avaunt." The Bishop of Varna did not see how he could accept what his master had refused, and so he sent back the Encyclical. The Bishop of Salonica had no less than five reasons for his declining, to wit—1, What would his Patriarch say? 2, Why at Rome, why not in the East? 3, Because the Pope wants to get us into his grasp; 4, The Pope wears a sword, which is against Scripture: let him put it down and disband his army; 5, Let him give up the "*Filioque*" and there will be no more disunion between Greeks and Latins—which last proposition, all things considered, is very delicious. Yet there were some exceptions, which the official Roman press calls "consoling." One schismatic bishop returned the letter, yet with the promise that he would think about it for himself; and another, the venerable Bishop of Trebizond, well stricken in years, seems to have been quite overcome, and received the Œcumenical with the most profound tokens of reverence and admiration, pressed it to his forehead, then to his bosom, looked at it from all sides, for, alas! he knew not the mystery of Latin characters, and exclaimed from time to time, "Oh, Rome! oh, Rome! oh, Holy Peter! oh, Holy Peter!" But adds the official account quaintly enough, it was utterly impossible to get anything else out of him—notably, whether he meant to come to the Council or not.

The effect in Europe we have witnessed. That Catholic Power which indeed is of the most vital importance in the matter—France—has declared, through M. Baroche, the Minister of Justice and Worship, before the Legislative Assembly, in July, 1868, that the Government would place no obstacles in the way of the meeting. It did not know about sending representatives. It did not care for the omission of a personal invitation to the Emperor. Church and State should not be separated; but it repudiated the Syllabus, and prohibited its promulgation from the pulpit. It would not admit the infallibility of the Pope. It would take its stand upon the Concordat and the Organic Articles—that arsenal of anti-Papal weapons which forbids the publication even of any Papal emanation without the previous authorisation of the Government. In the interval Austria—the Austria of the Hapsburgs still—has torn her Concordat to pieces, and has punished priests. Spain, that other darling daughter of Rome, has proclaimed, in the first hour almost of its regeneration, liberty of conscience. In Bavaria, the Government has asked the Universities whether the Syllabus was likely to interfere with the rights and prerogatives of the State. The theological faculty of Munich has answered. Würzburg takes further time. Phrase it as cautiously as they will, the professors cannot help declaring that the Syllabus, whether accepted

"*nude et pure*" or "*materialiter*," negatively or positively, in the reduction of Pater Schroder—who has already undertaken the labour of transforming the negative Syllabus into a kind of dogmatic Magna Charta—or not, it must eventually occasion some not unimportant changes in the relation between Church and State. And that State and Government of Bavaria knows enough now, and they have done the civil thing too.

Profound mystery shrouds the proceedings of the Council. And yet, perhaps, we may tell our readers in secret what we have learnt on very good authority. Three things will be done at the Council, which is not to last more than three weeks altogether. The three things will be the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, which is to be proposed at the beginning of the meetings by an English prelate; the dogmatised Syllabus will be made law; and, further, the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin, derived from two apocryphal writings of the fifth century, will be proclaimed.

So much for the work of the session. This Council will in many ways be different from its predecessors. From Nicea to Trent, they always used to be convened in order to devise means against some special enemy, be it Arius or Luther, Henry IV or Frederick II, the Saracens or the Templars. Occasionally the Jews also were taken into consideration, as at the fourth Lateran Council the yellow patch was made canonical. Casually, also, as at the fifth Lateran Council, the fair formerly held at Lyons was transferred to Geneva, and the like important matters. But generally there was some very special and pressing emergency, some schism, some flagrant error or scandal to be met in solemn conclave convoked generally by both the secular and the spiritual powers. What is this Council convened for? The Encyclical says:—"It is well known by how horrible a tempest the Church is now shaken. . . . By the most bitter enemies of God and men has the Catholic Church and its salutary doctrine, and venerable power, and the highest authority of this Apostolic see been assailed—trodden under foot; all sacred things have been despised, ecclesiastical goods have been plundered, the bishops and highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and Catholic men harassed in all manners, religious orders extinguished, and all kinds of impious books and pestilential journals . . . have been spread abroad. . . . In this Œcumenical Council shall all those things be most accurately examined and determined which in these particularly hard times have particular reference to the greater glory of God, the integrity of the faith, the worthy celebration of Divine worship, and the everlasting salvation of men, and the discipline and the salutary and solid instruction of the clergy, and the observance of the ecclesiastical laws, the improvement of morals, the Christian education of youth, and the common peace and concord of all. And with the most intense eagerness we must strive, with God's good help, to remove all evils, both from the Church and civil society."

The foregoing remarks we have extracted from an article which appeared in the *Times*. In commenting on the moans of the Pope's Encyclical, the *Times* says that "Dr. Manning himself could not well assert that Catholic France is very far superior to Protestant Holland in the domestic virtues; and Italy, and even Spain, seem to have hardly more faith than ourselves, at any rate in the right divine of the Church to dictate to the State."